

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrymen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their advantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.

Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coſſers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſome what light,
We are inforced to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: If that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke charters:
Where to, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houſe.

Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coſſers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Torke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In whoſome counſell to his vnſaid youth?

Tor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Tor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praifes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laciniouſ Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie aſpish Nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.

Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares:
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direſt not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gau. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,

Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,

This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infeſtion, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate deſenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruiſe, and true Chivalrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſubborne *Iury*

Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne,
This Land of ſuch deepe ſoules, this deepe-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farne.

England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuiouſ ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blotres, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Annerle, Buſhy, Greene,
Bagot, Roſ, and Willoughby.*

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?

Ric. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name beſits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtriſt faſt, I meane my Childrens looks,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?

Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.

Gau. Oh no, thou dy'eſt, though I the ſicker be.

Ric. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:

Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou ly'eſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Committ'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,

The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy ſhame,

Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.

Why (Cohne) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:

But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,

And

Ric. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuledge,

Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, chaſing the Royall blood

With fury, from his natieue reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,

Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:

That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt rapt out, and drunkenly carow'd.

My brother Glouceſter, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen amongſt happy ſoules)

May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:

Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.

Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*

Ric. And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Tor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſickneſſe, and age in him:

Heloues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

Ric. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commendeth him to your
Maieſtie.

Rich. What ſayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:

His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,

Words, liſe, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

Tor. Be *Yorke* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:

So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,

Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for theſe great affayres do aſke ſome charge.
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeiſe to vs

The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moucables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

Tor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?

Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace

Haue euer made me ſowre my patient cheekes,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,

In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,

Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he

Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,

And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that

Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kione:
Oh *Richard*, *Torke* is too farre gone with greefe,

Or elſe he neuer would compare betwene.

Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:

Seeke you to ſeiſe, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Herford*?

Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?

Did not the one deſerue to haue an hoyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſeruing ſonne?

Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:

Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King

But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,

If you do wrongfully ſeiſe *Herfords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath

By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,

You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,

And prick me tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,
What